BRITISH MUSEUM

The Prologue.

Chorus.

Two houſholds both alike in dignity,
(In faire Verona *where we lay our Scene)*
From auncient grudge, breake to new mutinie,
Where ciuill bloud makes ciuill hands vncleane:
From forth the fatall loynes of theſe two foes,
A paire of ſtarre-croſt louerstake their life:
Whoſe miſaduentur'd pittious ouerthrowes,
Doth with their death bury their Parents ſtrife.
The feareful paſsage of their death-markt loue,
And the continuance of their Parents rage,
Which but their Childrens end nought could remoue:
Is now the two houres traficque of our Stage.
The which if you with patient eares attend,
What here ſhal miſſe, our toile ſhall ſtriue to mend.